D71600

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 17 No. 6

85p

USA $2.75
CANADA $2.95
AUSTRIA 75 SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 325 PTAS
DENMARK 21 KR
FINLAND 16.50 FM
FRANCE 28.50 NF
GREECE 275 DRH
HOLLAND 7.90 FL
ITALY 4200 L
NORWAY 21.50 KR
SPAIN 300 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.20 SFR

JACKIE St CLAIR: A 'MISS NUDE UK' FINALIST

SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES: HOW BRITAIN FACED THE ZEPPELIN MENACE

FANCY HER UNDRESSED? ROSINA FROM THE COSTUME SHOP

ANIMAL CRACKERS: BOGUS BEASTS EXPOSED

HELLO DOLLY: IT'S NANCY, OUR NURSERY NUDE

FIGHTING COMEBACK: MILITARY VEHICLES RESTORED

TAKING IT ALL DOWN: WE BARE THE BOSS'S P.A.

JUST FOR KICKS: THE WORLD CUP CARTOONED

MEET MAI-LING: EXOTIC BEAUTY FROM SINGAPORE

PUBLIC IMAGE, PRIVATE PASSION: NEW QUEST SURVEY

NO FOOLING! IT'S KATHY OUR CUTEST COMIC

Cover: Model, Jackie St Clair; photographed by Donald Milne

MAYFAIR

incorporating King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 17 No. 6

ABC net paid circulation 351,464

Beautiful Bernice, page 51;

Military veterans, page 62

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES page

Zeppelin Hunters: Pilots who ended the airship threat *Edwyn Gray* 38
Fair Sex, Foul Language: The ladies are learning to swear! *David Cohen* 49
Animal Crackers: Bogus beasts that fooled thousands *Marc Cramer* 78
The Modern Ms: Girls who find fun afloat *Ronald Cobb* 109
Carrie: A colourful romp for our paint stripper *Steve Kingston* 112

GIRLS

Adrianne: Our fiery Latin lover *Siwer Ohlsson* 11
Rosina: A fancy dress girl out of costume *Ed Alexander* 28
Nancy: Toy with this dolly in her playroom *Allan Sass* 42
Bernice: Highly personal assistance from our top secretary *John Allum* 51
Jackie: We uncover a Miss Nude UK finalist *Donald Milne* 68
Mai-Ling: An orchid from the Garden City *Jordi Morgadas* 84
Kathy: Dame for a laugh, our comic cutie *Roy Brewington* 100

HUMOUR

Oh Lay! World Cup fans who know the score *Paul White* 19
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me: A round-up of your choice jokes 81

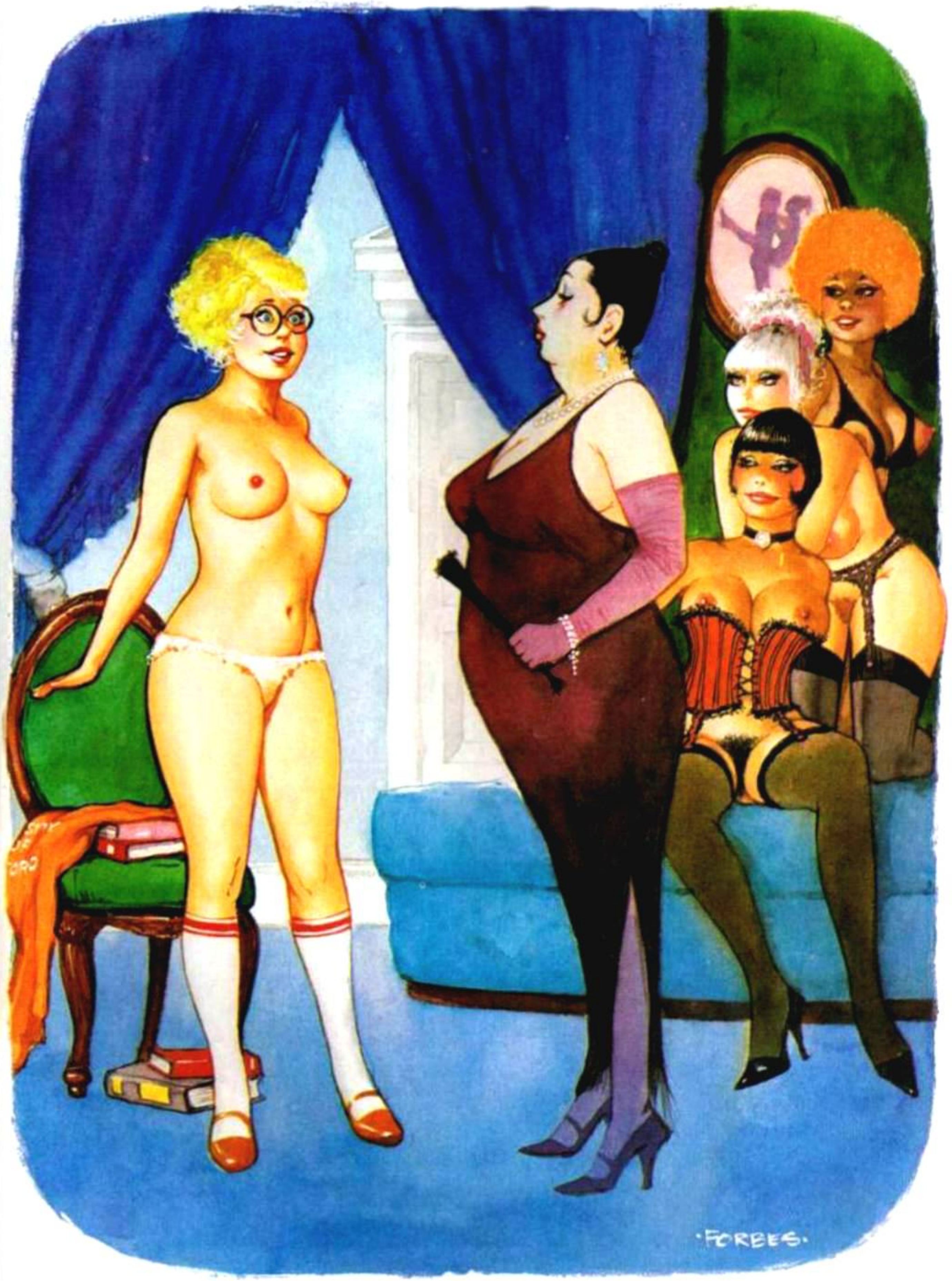
INFORMERS

Soldiering On: Military vehicles on parade *Andrew Morland* 62
Quest: The private lives behind public faces 91

FICTION

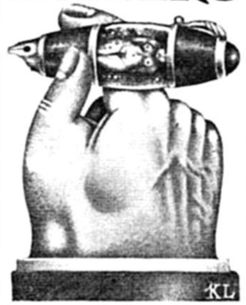
Pedro, Her Porsche: The racy tale of a sexy, sports car owner *S. D. White* 16
READER SERVICES **Letters**/page 10 **Book Society**/page 22 **Back Numbers**/page 26 **Quest Back Numbers**/page 93 **Subscription Details**/page 95 **Binder Offer**/page 98 **Film Club**/page 107 **Jigsaw Offer**/page 110 **Jewellery Offer**/page 110
CRITICS **Films, Discs, Eating Out** 23

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.



'I'm taking a course in behavioural patterns of the male ego, and I wonder if I could join your girls for a week or so?'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

When I saw the cover of Vol 17 No 4, I very nearly embarrassed myself in the newsagents. However when I got home, I was sorry that there were no more photos of lovely Nina Taylor, as she doesn't do any nude work. Nor were there any more shots of wet blouses like the one on the front.

So to drown my sorrows, my girlfriend and I took a nice long shower – fully clothed. Yes, I'm writing on behalf of all the disciples of the H_2O. Getting wet in one's clothes is an experience to match no other yet none of the magazines seem to give it the coverage it deserves.

My girlfriend and I often take spontaneous fully-clothed showers and it gives that extra thrill. The sight of a girl's body outlined in wet fabric gives you inches you were never aware of. Then comes the dressing down. First a blouse peeled off, then a skirt pulled down and finally the removal of panties and tights complete the erotic cabaret.

In summer, of course, there's the sea. Living in Cornwall we're fortunate in having lovely coves where you can run into the sea and get wet in perfect isolation. The sensation of cool water sucking and pulling at your waterlogged clothing is great and splashing one another in carefree abandon is better still. So why don't other readers have a go. Simply, fill up a bath with cool water (cold will freeze you and your girlfriend's assets off) and in the meantime let's see lots more wet shots. Not just with a blouse and a smile but in jeans and skirts as well.

G A, Truro

Thank you very much for the interesting article 'Sevens Up' on the restoring of the Austin Seven. The photographs were superb.

I'm sure you'll forgive me if I point out one small fault. The two 'Ulsters' as you term them are definitely not so. They are in fact 'Nippys', the red one featuring non-standard front mudguards and headlights. I used to own both 'Ulster' and 'Nippy' models, the 'Ulster' being the starker of the two as the 'Nippy' was intended to be its road version. The 'Ulster' was, of course, a good deal faster. Some 'Nippys' were fitted with Centric blowers; I actually had one, as well as an original Zenith carburettered one.

Incidentally, how about a feature on the 'Chain Gang' Frazer Nash? I used to have a Centric blown Shelsley model.

P W, Surbiton

Mayfair *did feature the early chain-driven Frazer-Nashs back in Vol 10 No 6. Sadly though that is no longer available as a back number.*

I have been addicted to your magazine since I first became aware of it a few years ago. I think it is the best on the market. The only problem we have out here is the distribution system. It seems like forever between issues. We won't see it for a couple of months and then the heavens open up and we get two issues at a time. I happen to work in a book store and when some novice comes in and asks me which is the best, I always say *Mayfair*.

I think your girls are wonderful but the reason I am writing is I wondered if it would be possible to give more personal data in your articles about the models. I am an astrologer and to be able to do some astrological charts for the girls would be great. All I need is the birth date, time and place. I would happily do it for free and send them a copy of my findings. Anybody interested?

Aquarius, Cleveland, Ohio

Thank you for the kind words. In answer to your request we have spoken to our centre girl this month and she says that she was born on April 20, 1962 at 7.30 am in Ashford Hospital, Middlesex. We'd be very interested to know what else you can tell us about Bernice.

Our popular naughty schoolgirls as seen in Volume 16 No 11.

Your recent feature on the *Naughty Schoolgirls of St Theresa's* was a masterpiece. Stunning photography, superb girls and a highly stimulating storyline. I bet a lot of other 'Mayfairers' would like to see it as a regular feature.

The best part for me anyway, was where Sylvia 'giggled that she'd prefer it if George had pulled down our knickers and given us a good spanking until our tender young bottoms were glowing pink.' She wasn't the only one, believe me! The thought of those lovely saucy cuties being spanked across George's knee really got me going.

As you probably gathered I am a great fan of spanking. Nothing too violent, just a good firm smack on a bare bottom. I've thumbed through scores of so-called spanking magazines which are often filled with 'naughty schoolgirls,' but most of the models no more resemble schoolgirls than Old Mother Reilly, and some of the pictures of them being spanked were about as exciting as lukewarm beer. Amateurish tripe, in short.

The most exciting spanking piece I have ever read came from *Mayfair* several years back. Entitled *Spanks Awfully*, it showed a leeringly lecherous but oh-so-lucky character with a slim, sweet and gorgeous young blonde across his lap, her dress up, panties down and having her bottom warmed. To my dismay, I lost the magazine. Is it still available?

D C T, Aberdeen

Sadly, the feature you are referring to, Spanks Awfully, *was published over ten years ago and consequently is no longer available. We are glad you enjoyed the* 'St Theresa's' *feature. We have had a great number of letters saying how much people liked it. Vol 16 No 11, including the naughty schoolgirls, is obtainable from our back numbers department, priced £1.30.*

Whilst I am a regular reader of *Mayfair*, one question springs to mind. When are you going to give us a decent frontal view of a girl in black or navy blue knickers? The nearest was Anne in Vol 14 No 3, and then there was no front view, just two back views. I know this is a minority interest but surely you could include one every four or five issues.

One other point, you have included lots of features on old cars. Can you tell me, does the 'Hirondel' motorcar exist outside 'The Saint' stories?

A H P, Manchester

Our Motoring Correspondent, William Boddy says that as far as he knows, no such car ever existed, but plenty have speculated as to exactly what the car might have looked like.

As a frequent reader of your magazine I was wondering if

turn to page 108

LETTERS

continued from page 16

any readers would like to put pen to paper and describe their first sexual experience? To start the ball rolling I thought I would describe mine.

I met a young girl who was 21 years old and, of course, I was a virgin, despite being 22 years old. She was a cook in service and we went in the grounds of the large house where she worked. When she kissed me, she put her tongue inside my mouth for the first time and I really felt randy. My member seemed to be practically up to my neck. I reached up her knickers and touched her bush.

'Oh, Mother,' she cried, but I was feeling really horny by then. I started to put it in her and it made her shout as I did so but I managed it. From then on each time we met I managed to screw her but it wasn't always easy.

Fortunately her employers were out between 9.30 and 5pm so the coast was clear for me and I really used to enjoy myself. Then just as I was getting confident, I put her 'in the club.'

After that we married and continued our active sex life. We have four sons now and still enjoy ourselves and your magazine. I look forward to hearing from other readers about their first sexual experiences, if they don't mind sharing them.

H C, Hayes

I have been enjoying your recent *Quest* series on how Polaroid cameras, video players and so on have helped improve people's sex lives. May I put in a mention about how erotic I have found the use of music played through a good stereo.

A year ago I invested in one of those stacking sytems which cost me about £600, but it has proved worth it sexually. A really fine piece played good and loud has made more women in my flat than buying meals or drinks ever did. Women just seem to melt when the room is full of music and after they have gone, I have often found that just playing the music can bring it all back.

Only the other week, I lured a girl back to my flat with the usual offer of coffee and as soon as she sat down I turned on the stereo and made certain the room was practically reverberating to the sound of a big orchestra. Sure enough, within a couple of minutes she was curled up in my arms dying for me to make love to her.

A couple of days later, I was on my way into work on the bus and I took with me my personal stereo. Quite accidentally it was playing the same track as I had entertained the girl with so successfully. It really reminded me of all the events of that evening and I started getting a really big hard on – there and then. My mind was full of the thought of her breasts, the taste of her fanny and the feel of her fingers around my tool. I started to breathe quite heavily and I had forgotten that nobody else could hear the music. It was really quite embarrassing. I think the other passengers thought I was about to have a heart attack. But even despite that little problem, it really is recommended. Hi-fi sex for ever.

M N B, Oxford

I must admit, we are quite partial to a bit of wow and flutter ourselves.

I thought you might be interested in an experience I had in the States, certainly I shall never forget it. I had found myself a part-time job over there because of a shortage of money and was working in a petrol station. I was sitting in the office when suddenly a red Porsche pulled up outside.

A gorgeous blonde girl stepped out of the car and she was a truly marvellous sight. She was wearing knee-high boots, a mini-skirt that just covered the top of her thighs and a low-cut teeshirt with the sun shining on the top of her breasts.

I was already having fantasies of what might happen and never really thought would. She walked towards me and even then I could feel a large bulge appearing in my pants. I was getting uneasy and embarrassed so I put my hands in my pockets to try and cover it up. She came closer and closer, her blue eyes twinkling in the sunlight and she asked me in a soft voice if I would take a look at the engine of her car. I walked over to it and looked in the engine compartment, trying to see if there was anything wrong.

'There's nothing wrong here, love,' I said. 'What did you think was the matter?' But instead of answering my question, I felt a silky hand glide softly over me.

'I think you had better show me some spare parts,' she said.

'Follow me,' I replied. Her hand moved softly into mine and we walked towards the office. She shut the door and locked it, not making a sound. Then she flicked the 'open' sign to 'closed' and led me through to a room at the back. Once again she locked the door and then casually moved towards me. Her hand slid down my chest and eventually found the zip of my Levis. Her lips seemed to attract mine and her tongue entered my mouth and began moving in and out like a piston. It was as if she was fucking my mouth, I could feel myself growing all the time with the excitement. Her hand slowly undid my zip and my member was allowed to escape. She began to stroke it, gently at first and then with a clenched fist. She forced me down on to the floor and rolled my Levi's off my legs. I began to fondle her breasts and peeled her teeshirt off her, revealing a low-cut bra with a front fastening. I undid that and saw the light shine on the most beautiful boobs I have ever beheld.

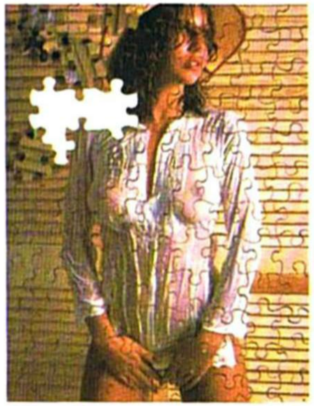
After I had seen them, naturally her nipples became my next target, so I rubbed them until they got harder and harder. She then got up and removed the rest of her clothing, moving down to my penis and edging it slowly into her mouth. It felt like a wet sponge engulfing my tool completely. She gave me the best blow job of my life before moving her buttocks around so that her cunny was over my face. It was already sopping wet with her juices and I began exploring the inside with my tongue. She was moaning now and began to wriggle and squirm. I was humping up and down until I could hold back no longer, and I came into her mouth.

She turned around then and slithered my penis into her awaiting hole and soon we were moving together rhythmically up and down. I could feel myself about to come for a second time but I held back. She rode me like I have never been ridden before and I really didn't want it to end. I pulled her closer to me and took her right nipple into my mouth. Rolling around it with my tongue it felt like a pebble in my mouth. Moaning even more now, she took her breast from my mouth and instead kissed me so hard I felt that the roof had fallen in. After that I could not hold back any longer and came.

Then she started to wriggle and squirm like she has having a spasm. But after that, to my great surprise, she just got up and replaced her clothes and unlocked the doors without saying a word.

'Can I see you again?' I shouted but she just got into her car and

turn to page 110



JIGSAW GIRL

When Lynda appeared in *Mayfair* wearing her wet, white smock she was an instant hit with readers. So now we've turned the wet-look Lynda into a puzzle of a jigsaw

Lynda – one of the most popular girls to appear in *Mayfair* – is now immortalised on a wooden jigsaw puzzle. It measures 11½ in by 8¼ in, and costs only £3.15, including postage and plain packing. This superb picture of Lynda wearing nothing but a dripping wet, white smock is mounted on a wooden backing and then hand cut into a jigsaw puzzle. This is then contained on a stiff hardboard backing for despatch. So treat yourself to a pretty puzzler by completing the coupon today, or treat a friend because Lynda makes a perfect present.

To: Mayfair Jigsaw Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me ( ) jigsaws of Lynda at £3.15 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for……………………………………
Name ……………………………………
(please print)
Address ……………………………………
…………………………………… M176

Surefire winners

The sales success of our bullet jewellery proves we were right on target with this superlative merchandise. For only £11.95 you can buy a set of 22 carat gold-plated cufflinks with a 9 mm bullet, while for £9.40 we offer a gold-plated bracelet with a 9 mm bullet in men's and ladies' sizes. And for just £8.50 our other item of jewellery is the popular gold-plated bullet pendant on a necklace. A toughened silver-type keyring with a .38 bullet at £5.25 completes the range. All bullets are genuine, less firing caps, and each item comes in a sateen-lined presentation box. Prices include VAT, postage and packing. Please allow 21 days for delivery of goods.

To: Mayfair Bullet Offer, 140 Birmingham Road, Aldridge, WS9 0AW.
Please send me the following items of jewellery ticked in the boxes below. I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to 'Mayfair Offer.'
☐ Cufflinks ☐ Man's Bracelet ☐ Lady's Bracelet ☐ Pendant ☐ Keyring
Name……………………………………
(Please Print)
Address……………………………………
……………………………………
Offer applies to UK only. Registered in England No. 603450.
Registered office 140 Birmingham Road, Aldridge, West Midlands M176

LETTERS

continued from page 108

sped off down the freeway. I don't know to this day why she never said anything, I never saw her again after that, but I shan't forget her. If all American blondes are like that though, I shall be back very, very soon. I've never told anybody else about this before but I felt it was about time the secret was shared. Has anybody else had a similar experience in the United States.
Name and address withheld

I was very amused to read in my boyfriend's copy of *Mayfair* the story accompanying the pictures of Madeleine Burton in Vol 17 No 3. In it she says that she works as a sales promoter and how she once had to stand in a cardboard chicken coop, selling eggs underneath a sign saying 'Laid Today.'
The reason I am writing is because I too am a sales promoter and go along with everything Madeleine says. It is good fun but you really do have to get up to some ridiculous capers. I've had to dress up as all kinds of things from a budgie to a car mechanic and on one occasion played a demure Dutch girl selling Edam cheese despite the fact that even I admit to having quite a strong Yorkshire accent.
But my most embarrassing incident featured a promotion for front-fastening bras. Or it should have been front unfastening bras, in this case. The brand we were demonstrating, which shall remain nameless, just wouldn't stay done up. I was in a large department store in Leeds at the time and quite a crowd had gathered to watch two of us in tight white teeshirts, showing how the bra barely showed beneath 'even the clingiest things.' After that I had to take the teeshirt off to show its smooth lines and unfortunately just as I raised my arms above my head, pulling off the top, I felt the bra snap open revealing my 37-inch breasts to all the customers.
My immediate reaction was to try and cover myself up but then I realised it was a bit silly. Everyone had seen them now already. So instead I turned to the first man I saw, smiled and said, 'And of course, they are so much easier to take off.' Everyone just laughed and it got me out of what was nearly a difficult situation. Perhaps I could be the second Erica Roe?
Annette, Huddersfield

Why not indeed. Send us a recent photo and we'll be in touch.

After reading many similar stories in magazines, I thought you might be interested in one that happened to me.
My wife had taken my young son up to Yorkshire to stay with her brother and wife for two weeks. I was unable to go owing to a project I was working on. During my second week alone, feeling a bit depressed I went to a little pub in Surbiton for a drink. After a couple of pints of lager I was approached by a chap with a walking stick who asked me if I was alone and would I care to join him and his wife at their table. Glad of the company, I agreed. I was introduced to his wife who was no raving beauty but very smartly dressed and we started talking. Of course I mentioned that my wife was away and his wife said that I must be getting lonely, especially in bed at night. Of course, I took it as a joke and laughed in agreement. But soon after she whispered to her husband, 'Shall we ask him back tonight.' He agreed and so after a quick drink we all went back to their place.
Once inside, the man asked his wife to go upstairs and make herself presentable whilst he had a word with me. As soon as she went he said, 'You might gather that my wife would like to be screwed by you. Would you be interested?' Naturally, I said yes, not having had sex of any sort for nine days.
She came back into the room in a bath-robe and smiled, then sa on the settee. She sat with her legs wide open and her beautiful bush staring at me, then tol me to get undressed. Needles to say I was stripped in a flasl and kneeling in front of her a she took off the bath-robe. started to kiss each breast in turn whilst my fingers began to play with her clitty. Then started to lick her tummy righ the way down and spread he lips open so that I could reac inside and right the way aroun to her bottom. It was fantasti and something that I'm sorry t say my wife would never hav allowed.
By then I had a terrific hard-o and she was groaning, her hea

turn to page 11

LETTERS

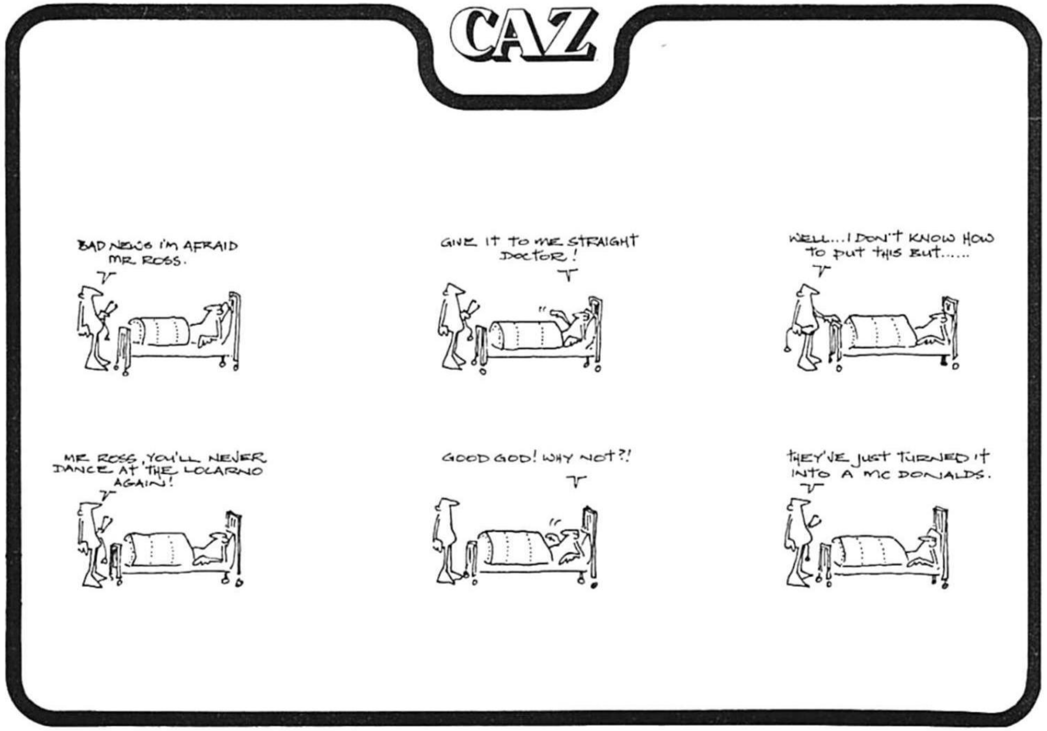
continued from page 110

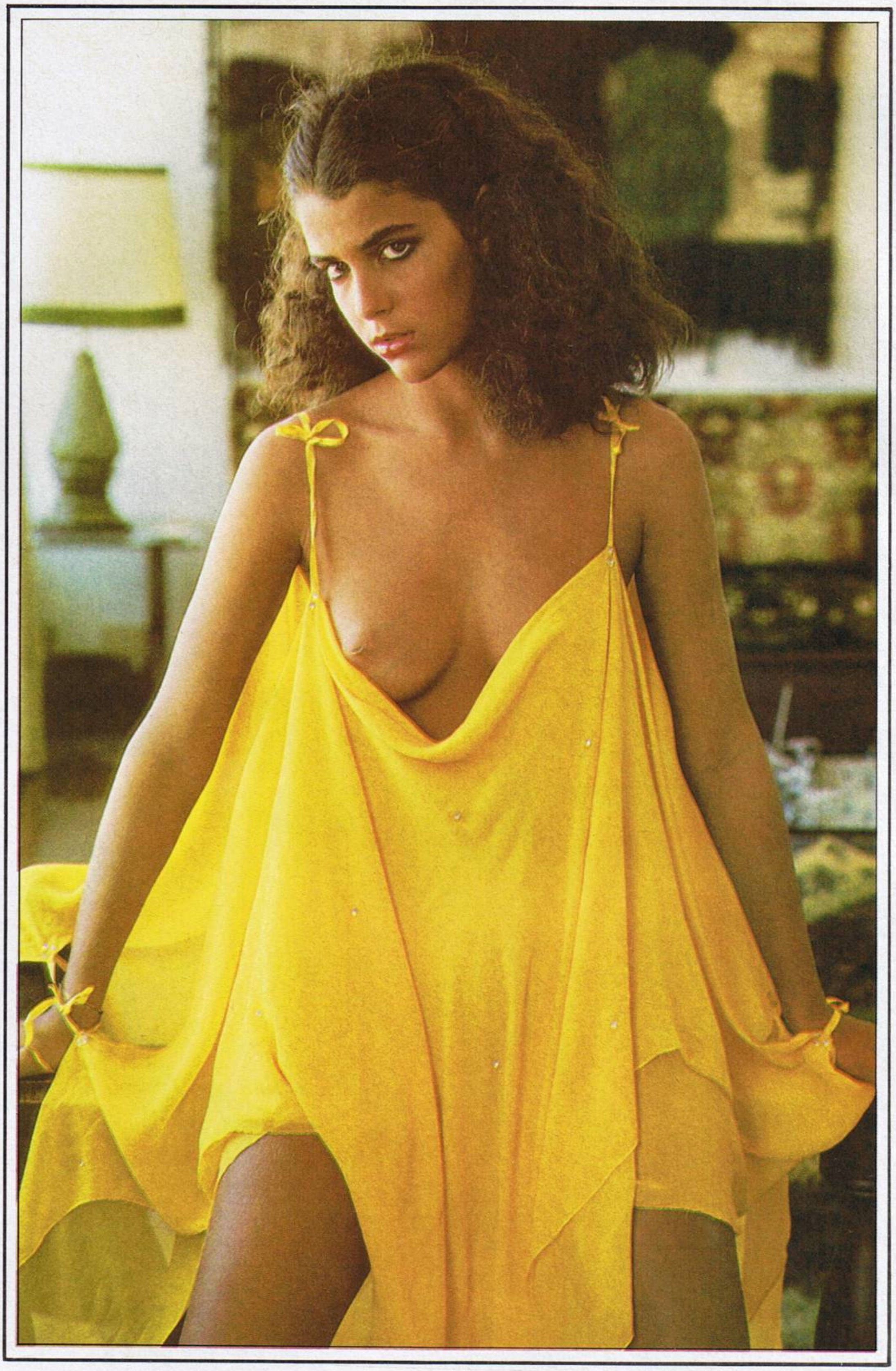
moving from side to side. Suddenly she leant forward and grabbed my cock, pulling me in to her. I've never seen my own cock so long and she gave a gasp as I plunged right into her all the way to the hilt. We must have continued like that for five minutes and I felt her climax as I shot into her. Then we both embraced, my cock, amazingly staying as hard as it had been.
She started to finger herself then sucked each of her fingers in turn, this only made me harder. I just had to turn her around and bend her down so that I could have her doggy fashion. All this time, her husband had been watching, I had forgotten all about him as he hadn't said a word even when I was fucking her for the second time. By this time I could feel my balls slapping hard against her bottom and her clitty was standing out like a little boy's tool. She gave a yell as she came and I wanted to lick around her there and then.
Even now, my penis remained erect and for the first time her husband spoke. He asked me if I was some kind of stallion or something. I replied that it was just a situation that I had always wanted to find myself in and my cock seemed to appreciate it as well. It was quite simply a dream come true. So he asked me if I would be prepared to join in a fantasy of his. What he suggested was a threesome comprising of himself, his wife and myself. After all he had done for me and so quietly watched, it was the least I could do.
It was a mind-blowing experience and we had two more sessions afterwards, but they have moved out of the area now. Mind you, when I think of it, it does help me give my wife a wonderful climax.
(Name and address withheld.)

As a girl who also regularly takes her clothes off for a living, I thought I would write to you and express my appreciation of men's magazines and *Mayfair* in particular.
I've been a stripper in the Central London area now for three years and I believe that contrary to popular belief, men's magazines far from exploiting women, exhalt them to the highest. Why shouldn't we be regarded as things of beauty, after all we are. I approve of these mags wholeheartedly.
The other familiar complaint about magazines such as yours and indeed professions like mine is that they somehow encourage promiscuity. I assure that in my case, and from what I have heard from many members of my audiences, that is certainly not true. In fact quite the reverse is the case. Most of the people I talk to say that this sort of exposure helps prevent that sort of thing. If men are out enjoying my performance, then there is certainly no evidence to support the view that they will go and interfere with members of the public. In fact I've found that this discourages it rather than encourages it.
The other thing that may surprise you is the attitude that men have towards me when I'm offstage. There are a lot of people who think that the men leer at me or make rude remarks. In truth this is very rare. Even after a performance when I often go around the pub in costume (see-through tops, bodices, satin or PVC – that sort of thing) to collect tips in an old beer glass, the men have been very civil, they seem almost overawed by me rather than flirtatious.
And when I'm out or talking to a man in the pub, away from work, they seem to find my profession a good excuse to discuss all their sexual problems. I am practically a part-time sexual social worker. But again when they are talking, their attitude is always 'mature' not as bawdy as some of the people who complain about our sort of profession might think.
So, I say good luck to you and long may *Mayfair* continue. And if you ever need a new *Quest* interviewer, I'm your girl.
Lynsey, Maida Vale

Knowing your love of graffiti in your 'Letters' pages I thought you might like this extract from a gardening catalogue of mine. It describes the planting of the Chamaedorae, but you would never guess.
'Prick out in warm conditions, and for the first two years keep in a shady humid environment.'
Sydney Bryce, Hove

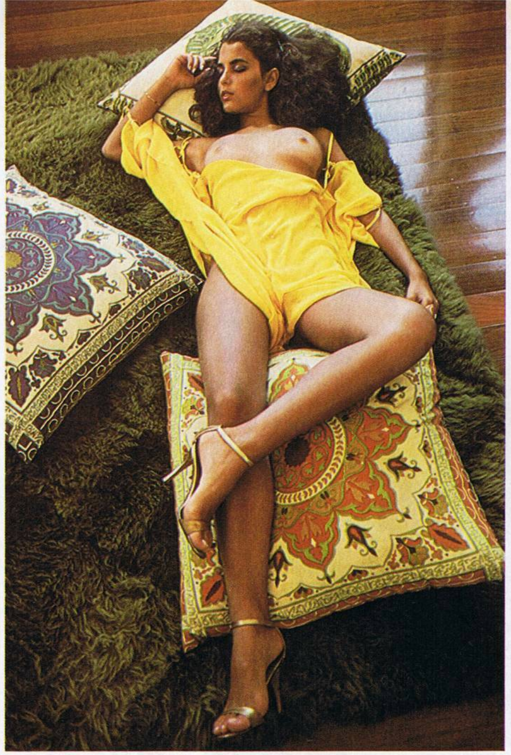
Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
BAD NEWS I'M AFRAID MR ROSS.
GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT DOCTOR!
WELL... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PUT THIS BUT......
MR ROSS, YOU'LL NEVER DANCE AT THE LOCARNO AGAIN!
GOOD GOD! WHY NOT?!
THEY'VE JUST TURNED IT INTO A MC DONALDS.



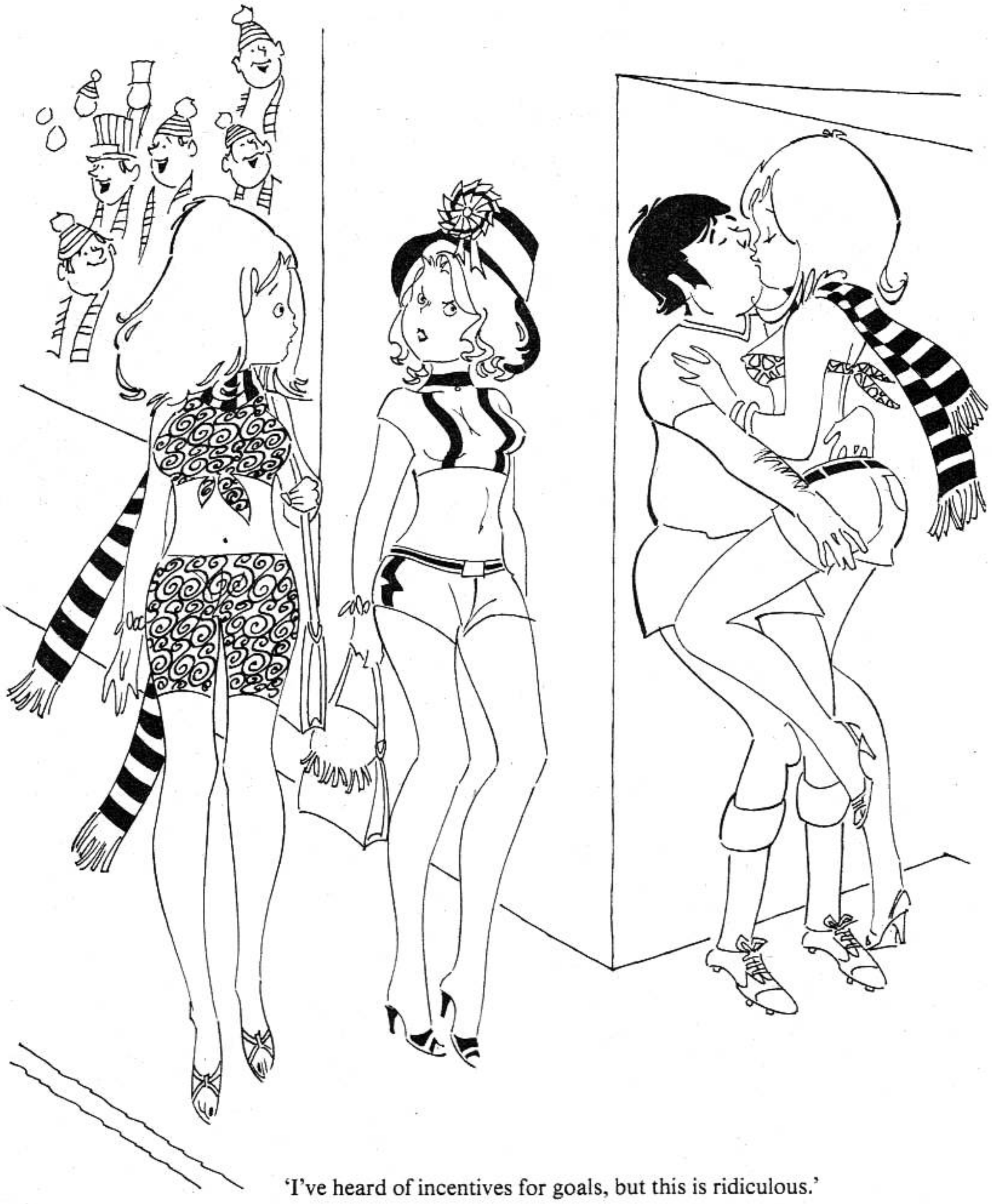
Adrianne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON



It's easy to admire the sultry beauty of 23-year-old Adrianne Westwood, but a lot harder to imagine just where she hails from. Rio, perhaps, or even the sunny shores of the Mediterranean? But no, Adrianne's home is on the English south coast, Weymouth to be precise. And she freely admits that despite her distinctly South American appearance, she has never lived outside the UK. 'No, my mother is a Brazilian, that's as near as I have ever got to the home of carnival,' laughed 34-23-34 Adrianne. 'No, give me Weymouth's seafood stalls and candy floss anyday.'

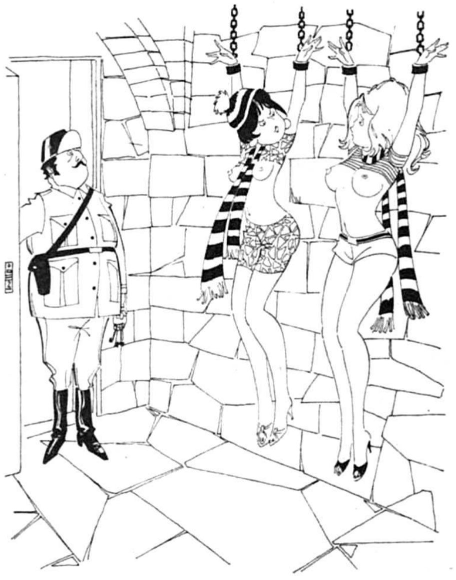
Adrianne does inherit one characteristic from her mother though. 'My temper, I'm afraid,' she claimed. 'It's terrible. If anything goes wrong I really scream. I've even thrown things at some of my old boyfriends in the past. Mind you, I always make it up to them in the end.' But fortunately Adrianne manages to keep her temper in check when she's at work as it could be quite dangerous. She sells china in a local store.



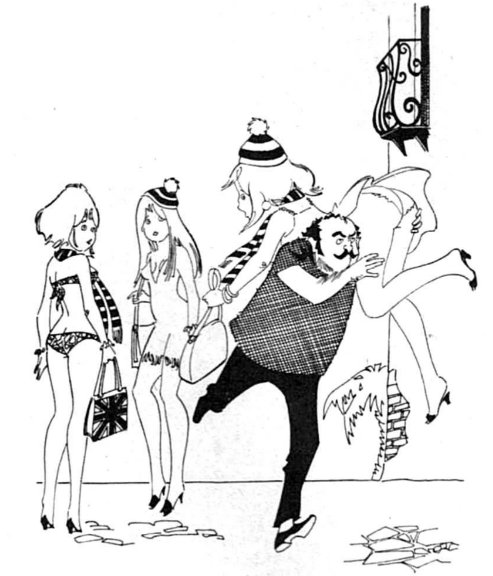
'I've heard of incentives for goals, but this is ridiculous.'

Oh lay! It's the World Cup

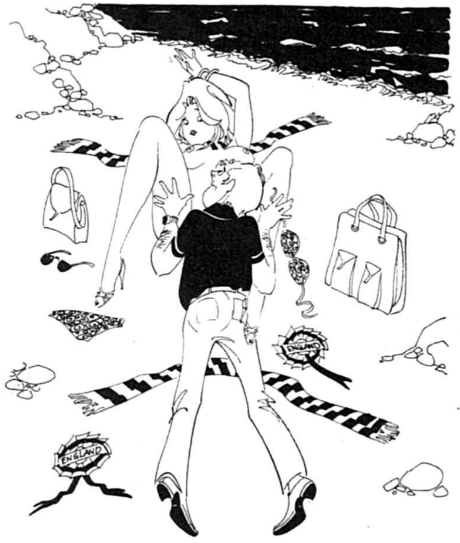
World Cup fever is now at its height.
But, says cartoonist Paul White, win or lose, it
doesn't matter as long as you score



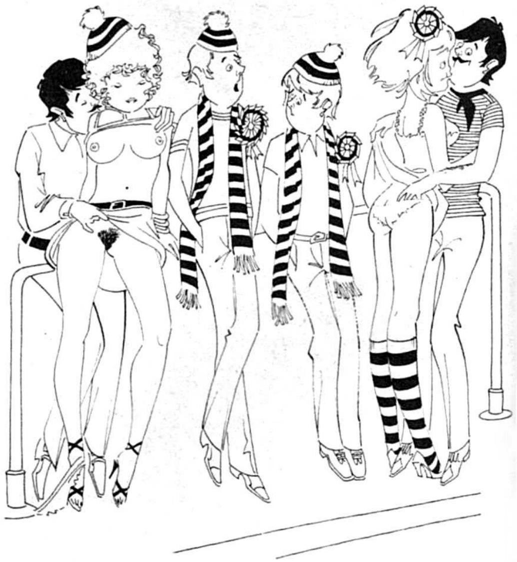
'You and your "let's do an Erica at half time" . . .'



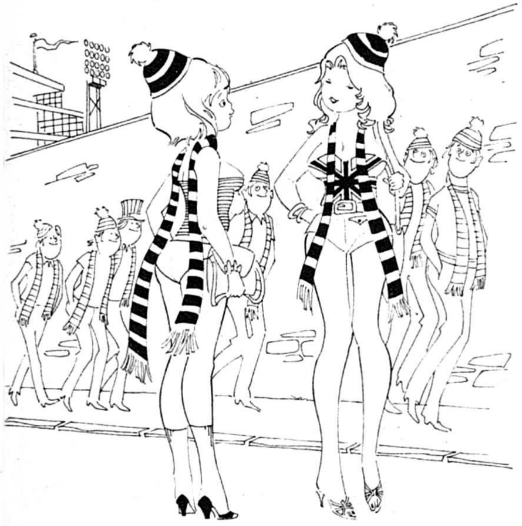
'So much for her crash course in Spanish, she only tried to ask the way to the stadium.'



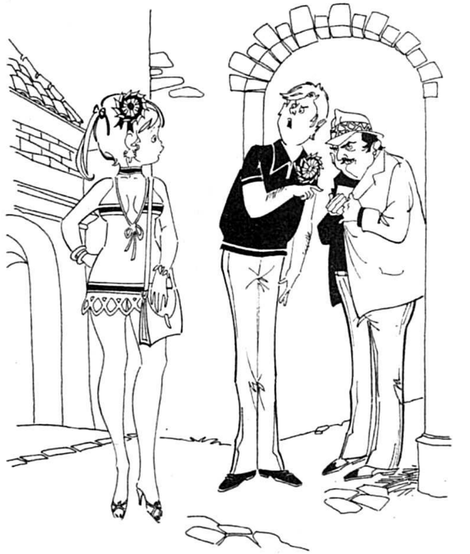
'Explain again how this is going to help us win the world cup.'



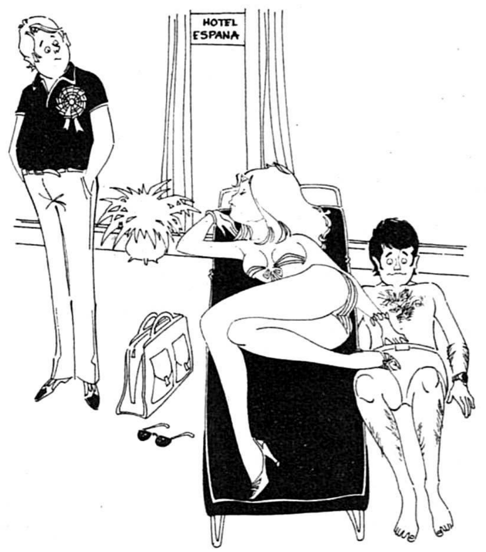
'Notice how the French seem to have this happy knack of scoring.'



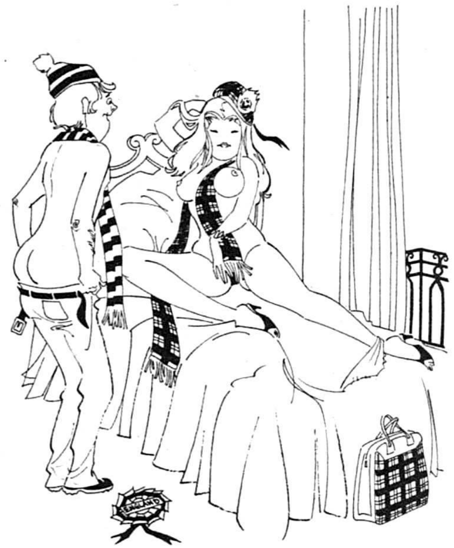
'Five pinches, two hugs, and one lecherous squeeze, how did you enjoy the game?'



'Hey! It's you and that little Spanish waiter from our hotel.'



'You carry on to the match, Bob. I think I'll just lounge by the pool.'



'You see? There's no reason why rival fans shouldn't get along.'

Rosina

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

Undressed to kill is pert 21-year-old Rosina Churchman in her sexy stockings and suspenders, just for us. 36-24-36 Rosina loves wearing clothes that men find attractive and she says that there is nothing more seductive than sexy undies, especially if she is going out to meet somebody. 'Mind you,' she added, 'you'd be amazed at just what some girls will wear to attract a man. In my job, you get some pretty odd requests'. Which isn't surprising as Rosina works for a fancy dress hire firm.

But has Rosina ever borrowed any of the outfits herself? 'I normally don't have to,' she smiled, 'I have quite a selection of my own bits and pieces. But now and again I have done for parties. The most successful was the French maid's uniform that I wore last Christmas, complete with lacy apron, low front and black stockings. I enjoyed wearing that, walking with a deliberate wiggle and bending down in front of the boys. It certainly had the desired effect, it was really a shame to give it back. . .'

'I suppose gorilla suits
are the most popular item we hire, but
top hat and tails, even
amongst girls, are always in demand as
well. If they have the
nerve, I suggest the ladies try our Eve
suit – three tie-on leaves!'

Nancy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

Although she's 22-years-old everyone agrees that Nancy Freeman has never grown up. 34-23-34 she may be, but in her heart, she feels she's just a happy little girl.

'Which is why,' Nancy smiled, still with the ribbons in her hair, 'I wanted these pictures of me taken here in my old playroom surrounded by all my toys. You can call it nostalgia, if you like, but it was great to see my nursery again and to search for my favourite dolls. I suppose you could say I'm just a little innocent, for a model anyway.' Which is probably why, when she is not posing prettily for our photographer, Nancy enjoys the simple pleasures of life. As she has a house in the middle of the Hampshire countryside, free from the bustle of the city, her hobbies are mainly rural. Painting, strolling down the lanes and gardening take up most of her spare time. 'Anything that's just a little soppy,' she grinned.

Bernice

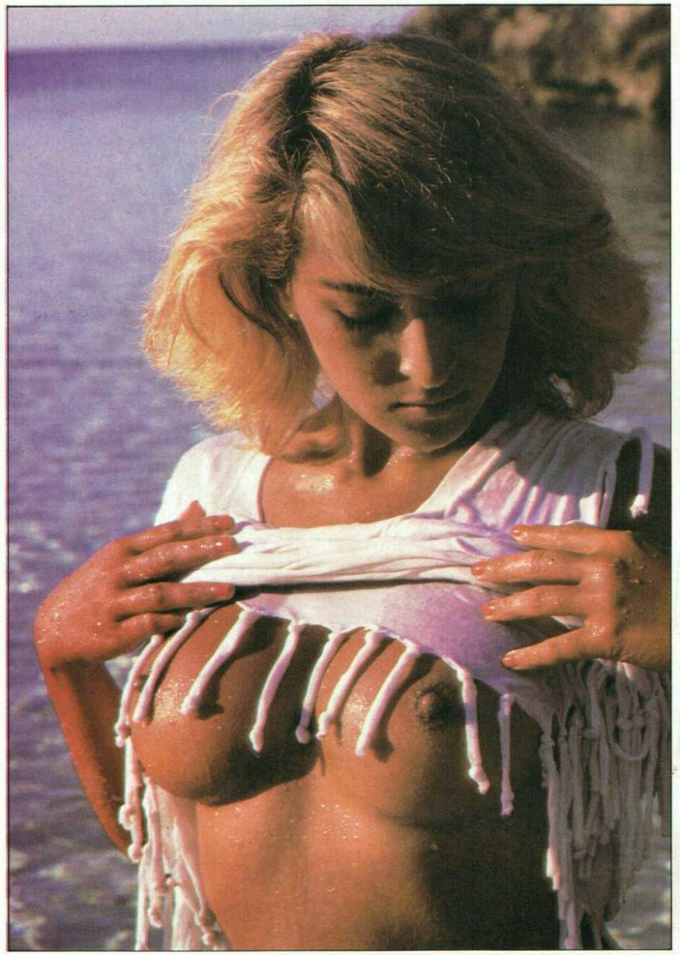
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Modest though she is, blonde Bernice Winters has to admit that her life so far has been something of a success story. Leaving secretarial college at 18, now just two years later she has landed herself the top job of personal assistant to a director of an international computer giant. A lot of responsibility for the 36-24-35 Londoner, who regularly organises meetings and conferences. So why did she decide to try her hand at modelling?

'My boss always reads *Mayfair* and on a couple of occasions he has suggested that I model for you. When he sees me on the centre pages, he'll be really pleased. I may even get a rise!' Bernice laughed. 'He's a great man to work for, we go out together quite often.'

Fortunately for other men though, Bernice occasionally tears herself away from work to meet up with friends. 'One of my favourite haunts is *John G's* wine bar in the West End. It's small and very friendly. I meet lots of men there. They even serve breakfast. That can be very handy,' she smiled.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / BERNICE WINTERS

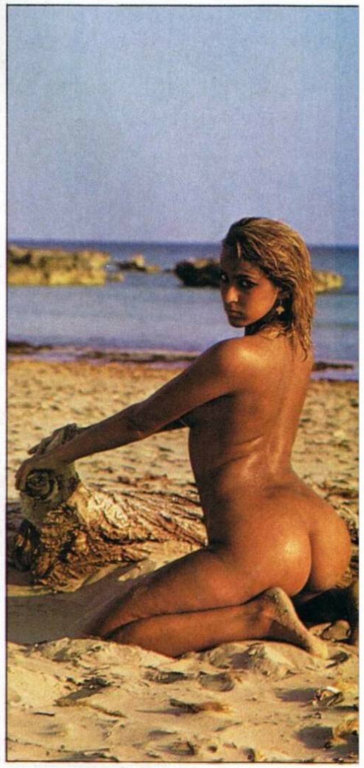


Jackie

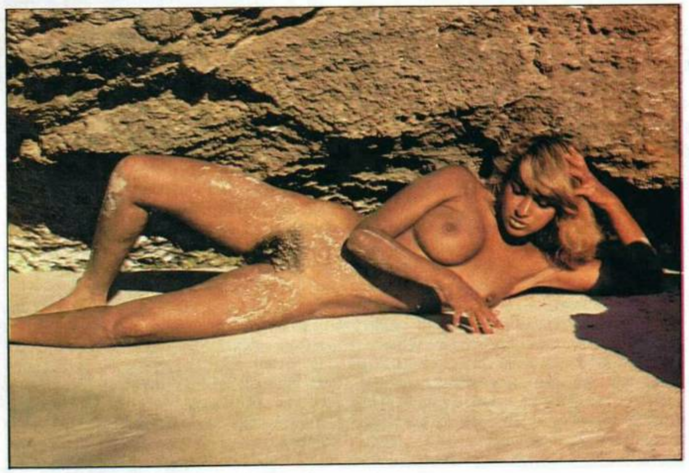
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

Get your scorecards ready, gentlemen, as we bring you the lovely Jackie St Clair. For brown-eyed, blonde Jackie is one of the 16 finalists in this year's Miss Nude UK contest. A great achievement for the 22-year-old full-time professional model from London's West End. And as if that achievement wasn't sufficient, Jackie's 34-23-34 body has been selected as one of the four to appear in the contest's video.

But since the finals of Miss Nude UK aren't until December, we are glad to say that Jackie has plenty of time for other modelling work like this set of seaside pictures for us. They were taken on the sunny beaches of Spain,



well away from the World Cup crowds, and as you can see Jackie seems right at home in the warm surf. But this is hardly surprising. Jackie is half-Hawaiian so the sun-drenched sea and sand is practically in her blood.



But even a top model such as Jackie doesn't spend all her time on location so when she is home in London, what does she get up to? Night clubs take up many of her evenings, particularly *Tramps* disco in Jermyn Street. And then during the day, Jackie likes riding her horse and can often be seen cantering in Richmond Park. A busy girl. Good luck in December!

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A young girl was walking in the countryside when she met one of the local lads. Immediately he started chatting her up and it wasn't long before he managed to persuade her to lie down in the grass and have it away.

Just as he was about to start though she suddenly told him that she wasn't on the pill.

'Damn,' he replied, 'and I haven't got a rubber with me.' He was just about to give up the idea when he happened to catch sight of a used french letter lying under the hedge nearby. Pretending he was going for a pee, he picked it up, turned it inside out and stuffed it in his pocket. Then returning to the girl he slipped on the rubber and started to have it off with her.

A few months later they happened to meet again, this time in the High Street, and the girl was very obviously pregnant. Angrily, she told him he was the father and asked him what he was going to do about it.

'Oh that's great,' thought the young man, 'she's pregnant from a man she's never met and I've got a dose from a girl I didn't screw.'

Two golfers were sitting in the clubhouse discussing the relative merits of local clubs.

'I hear,' one of them said, 'that up the road has just got a new attractive lady professional.'

'Really,' replied the other, 'what's she like?'

'Well, one member told me he had been out of bounds with her last week . . .'

'And?'

'He declared her an unpliable lay.'

An old lady went to the doctor suffering from constipation.

'And what have you been doing about it?' he asked.

'Well, doctor, I just sit there for hours and nothing happens.'

'No, no, Miss Richards, I meant do you take anything.'

'Oh yes, doctor,' she replied quickly, 'I take my knitting.'

An amorous Dutch girl called Hilda,
Once worked for an Amsterdam builder,
But she quit, so they say,
When he asked her one day,
To touch up a dyke for ten guilder.

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

One hot summer day, a couple of elderly men were strolling in the park when they saw a girl sunbathing nude. All that covered her was a roofing tile placed over her fanny.

'My God, how times have changed,' commented one old man, 'in my day, they used to be thatched.'

Three gentlemen decided to visit a brothel and having found one inspected the tariff. To their surprise, it said simply, '£1 per inch.' But they agreed this sounded reasonable and went in.

On meeting outside afterwards one asked, 'How much did it cost you?'

'Ten pounds,' one of the others replied, 'and you?'

'Eight pounds. What about you, Bert?'

'Only one pound fifty,' came the smug answer.

'How on earth did you manage that?' the other two demanded.

'Easy,' he smiled, 'I paid on the way out.'

A holidaymaker set out on a lone camping holiday and was enjoying an evening bath in a nearby lake. Suddenly, though, he noticed three nuns approaching and decided to hide in a small gap where a statue had once been.

'Have a look at this,' said the first nun, 'a new vending machine. Let's see what it sells.' So saying she put 10p in his mouth and pulled his exposed member. The man was so surprised he accidentally dropped his towel.

'That's nice, a towel,' said the first nun.

'Let me try,' said the second. She inserted 10p and in turn pulled at him to be rewarded by the soap which he also inadvertently dropped. She, too, thought this good value for her ten pence. So the third nun had a go but, of course, he had nothing left in his hand. She pulled at him again several times and then held out her hand.

'Dear me,' she exclaimed, 'that's not much shampoo for 10p.'

Standing at the bar, a cantankerous old man ordered a pint of bitter. The barman duly served him, but when his drink arrived the old man took one sip, spat it out and yelled, 'Piss!' Then he stormed out.

The next night, much to the consternation of the barman, the man came in and did exactly the same. However, when the old man put in a third appearance, the barman decided he had had enough and just as he was about to place his order he said, 'I'm sorry, piss off.'

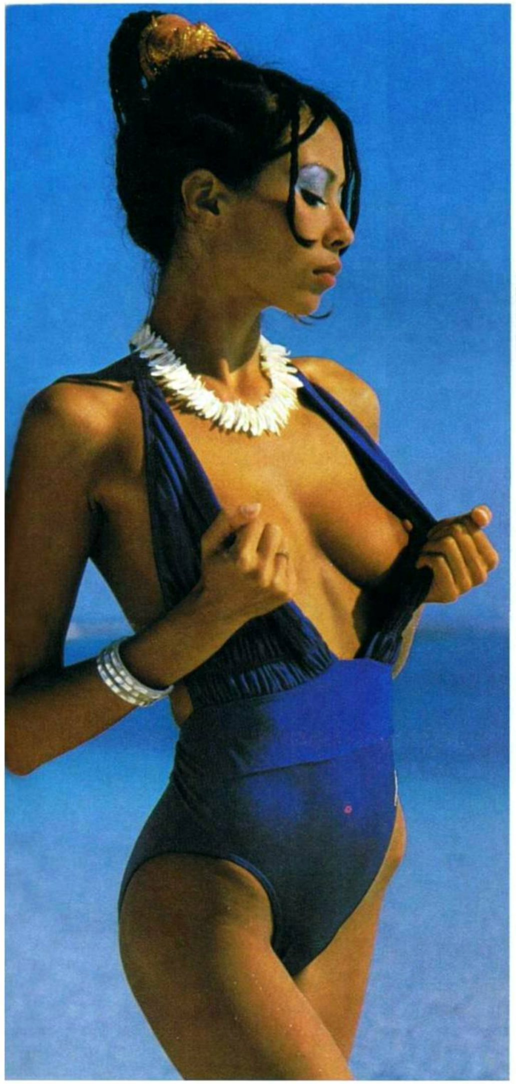
'Oh good,' replied the man, 'I'll have a scotch then.'

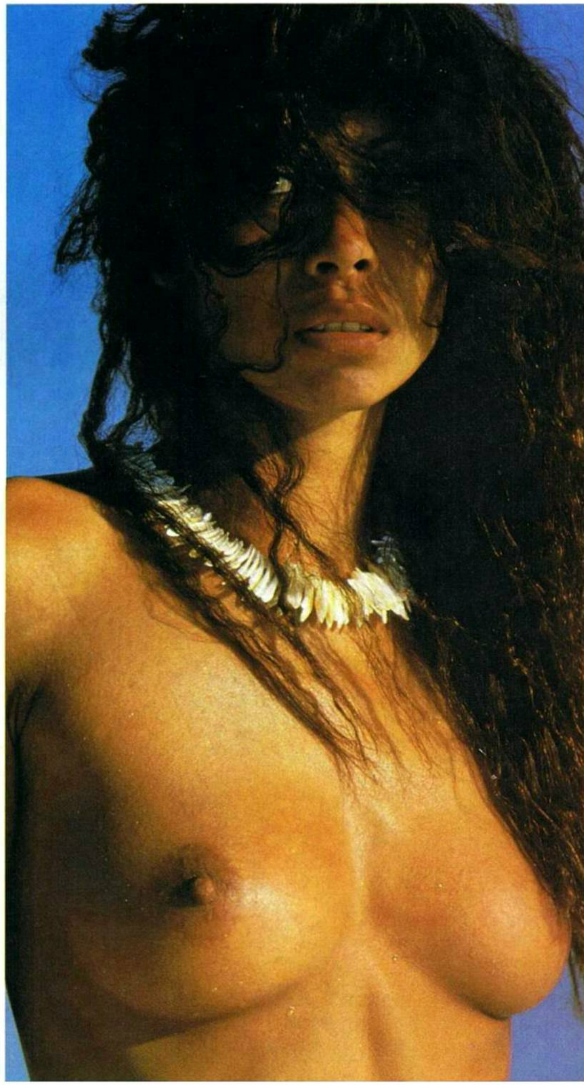
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

MAI-LING

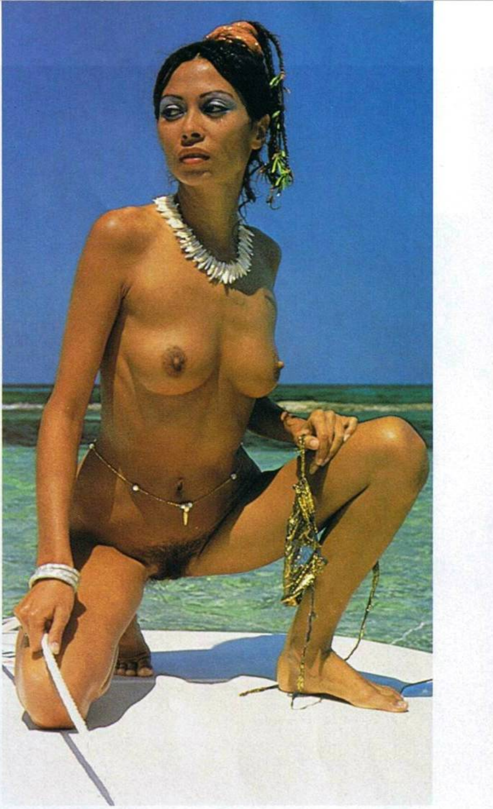
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDI MORGADAS

The orchid from the Garden City, that's our graceful beauty, Mai-Ling Kwung. For 18-year-old Mai-Ling comes from beautiful Singapore where her elegant 34-23-34 body adorns one of the hundreds of attractive shops in the city centre. 'It is very popular with the tourists,' she told us, 'everything here is very cheap compared with your prices, so we get a lot of English people. I like them, they are so genteel.' So much so that Mai-Ling leaves Singapore every year – for a fortnight in London.





'I do like London, it is so much bigger than my homeland and the parks are so lovely. They may call Singapore the Garden City but I think London is nearly as beautiful. The buildings are so grand and imposing. But I can only afford to stay for a couple of weeks, soon I shall be back serving in the shop.'



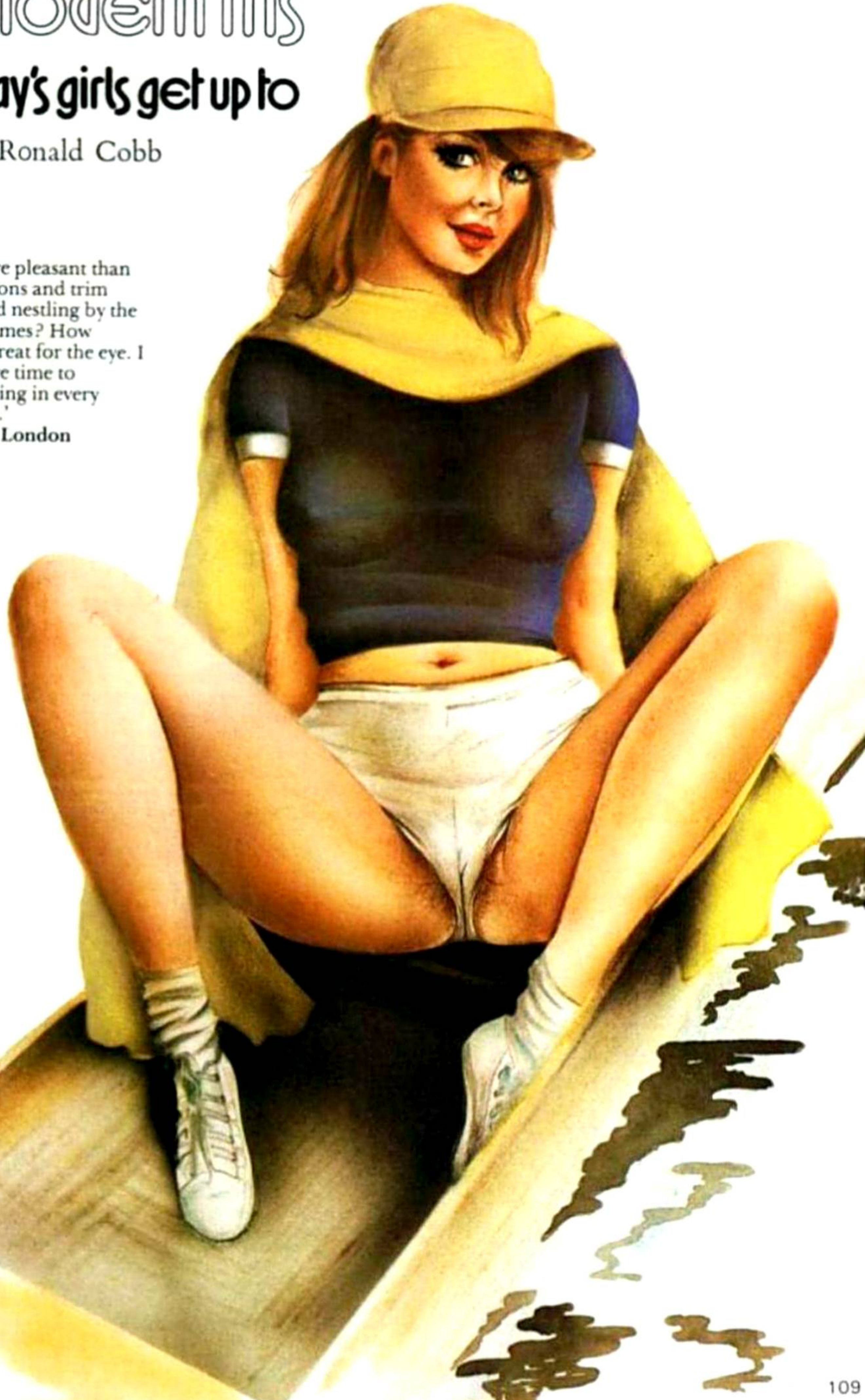
Mai-Ling's shop is situated near the famous Merlion Statue in Queen Elizabeth Walk, the very centre of Singapore itself. 'It is a fascinating part of town,' she said, 'there are some old buildings dating back to the colonial era as well as big skyscrapers Then, of course, we have our own Chinatown and many beauty spots like Sentosa Island. You should come for a visit – so long as you buy something in the shop.' If Mai-Ling's there, we will.

The Modern Ms

What today's girls get up to

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

'What could be more pleasant than the rolling undulations and trim little bushes you find nestling by the towpaths of the Thames? How inviting they are, a treat for the eye. I only wish I had more time to explore them, revelling in every nook and cranny . . .'
Extract from an old London guidebook

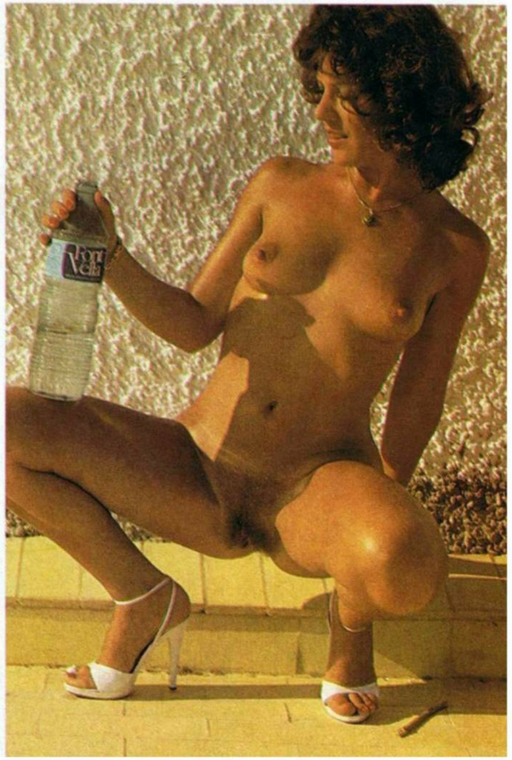


Kathy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

In the world of show business, successful comediennes can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. But 22-year-old Kathy is determined to make a career for herself and hopes one day to become a household name. 'I've always wanted to make people laugh, anyway with a name like Katharine Wheeler you don't have much choice. I was always the joker when I was at school.'

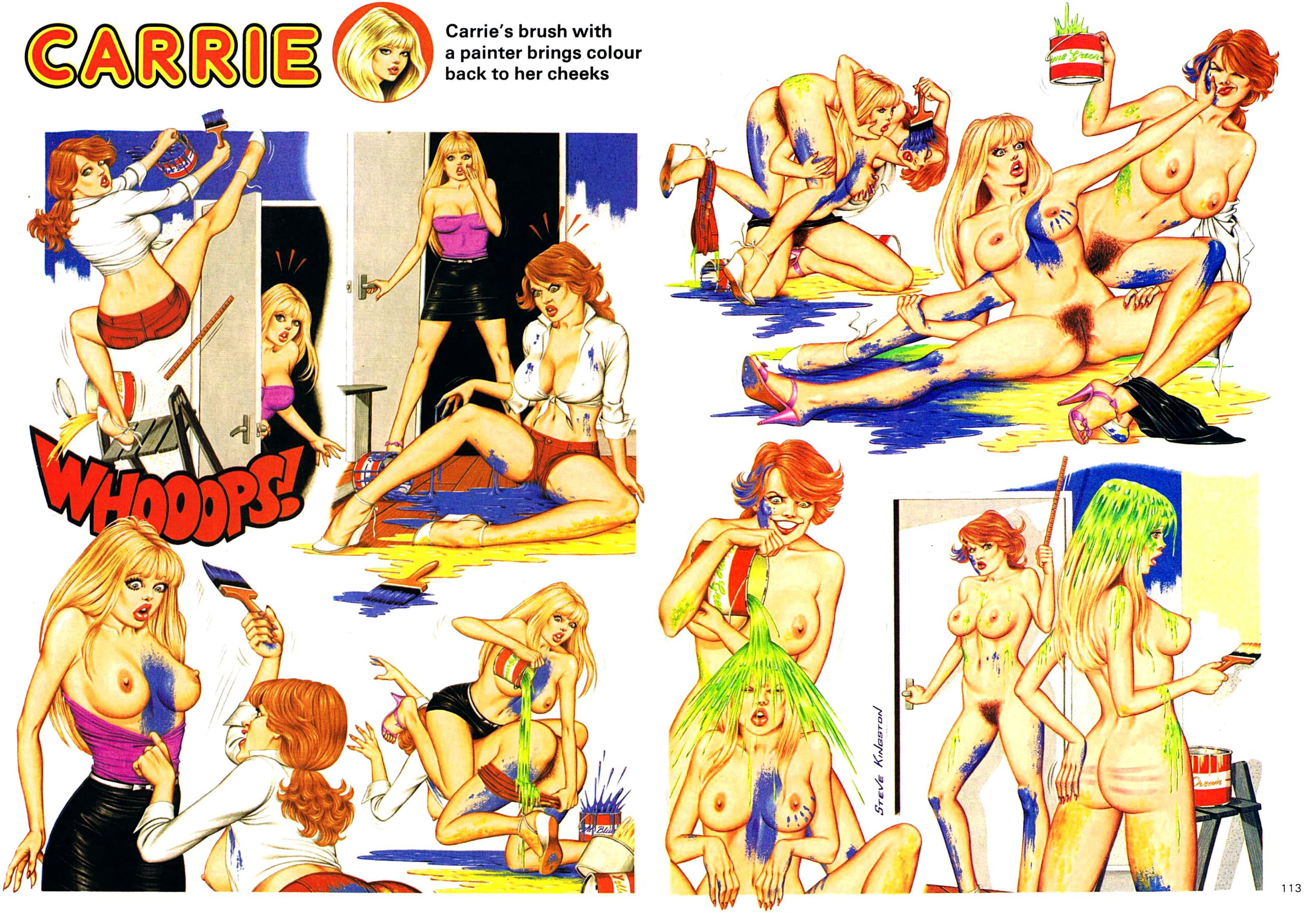
Kathy is semi-professional at the moment, and has taken a job waitressing in a cocktail bar to help pay the rent on her flat in Victoria. 'I get a lot of my comedy ideas from the customers so if I serve you, watch out or you might end up part of my act.'



Kathy has performed in various clubs and pubs around London, but surprisingly she finds that her sexy 36-24-35 figure is a hindrance rather than a help. 'People tend to laugh at female comics if they look funny rather than if the material's good.'

CARRIE

Carrie's brush with
a painter brings colour
back to her cheeks


WHOOOPS!
STEVE KINGSTON